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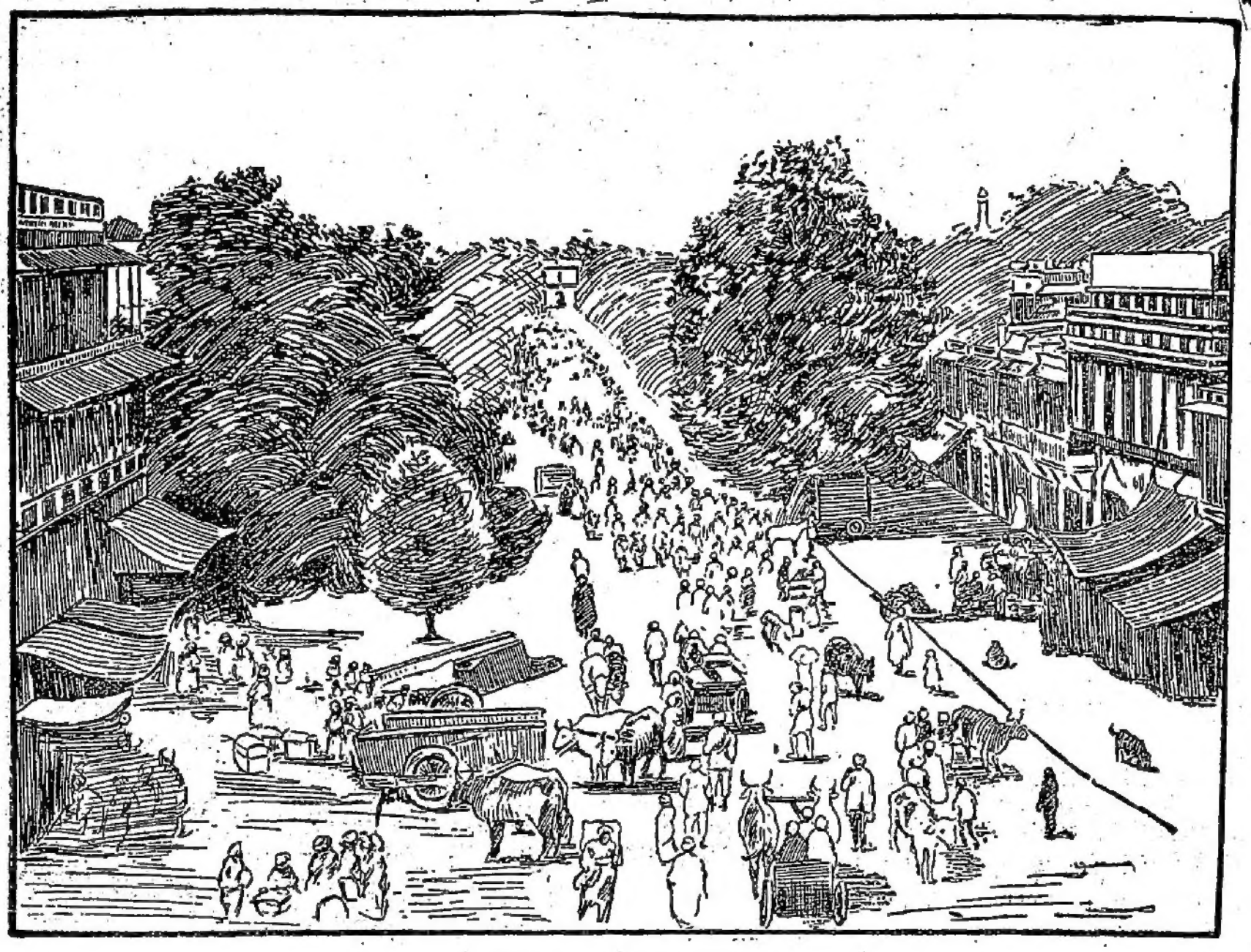


STREET SCENE IN DELHI.

A Story of the Mutiny.

('Friendly Greetings.')

During the Indian Mutiny of 1857, there were few Europeans or native Christians that were not exposed to the peril of death; and many had to suffer martydom for the cause of Christ. Among these latter was Walayat Ali. He had been converted through the preaching of the Gospel by the missionaries, and soon became distinguished for his consistent and holy life. He lived in Delhi, and was known amongst the people of that city as a fearless and intrepid evangelist. When, therefore, the people rose in rebellion against the rule of England, Walayat Ali, as a Christian and a friend of the English, was sure to find but little mercy at their hands.

This was well known to his friends, and one ran to tell him that fifty rebel horsemen were on their way to his dwelling. There was, however, no time to flee, except to the Lord in prayer. Then, according to an account which was afterwards furnished by his wife, who was permitted to escape the fate of her husband—then he called those with him to prayer.

'O Lord,' said he, 'many of Thy people have been slain before this by the sword, and burned in the fire for Thy name's sake. Thou didst give them help to hold fast in the faith. Now, O Lord, we have fallen into the fiery trial. Lord! may it please Thee to help us to suffer with firmness. Let us not fall or faint under this sore temptation. Even to the death, oh, help us to confess, and not to deny Thee, our dear Lord. Oh, help us to bear the cross, that we may, if we die, obtain the crown of glory.'

He then kissed his family, and urged upon them to be faithful to the Lord, saying, 'Come what will, don't deny Christ.' His wife wept bitterly; but, turning to her, he said, 'Remember God's word and be comforted;' and yet again, as he thought of the fearful trial which might befall his wife through her children, he said, 'If the children are killed before your face, oh, then take care you do not deny Him who died for us.'

His dwelling was soon entered by the rebel troops, and, amid deadly threats, he was urged to abjure his faith in Christ. But he replied, 'I was at one time blind; but now I see. God mercifully opened my eyes, and I have found a refuge in Christ, and I am resolved to live and die a Christian.'

They then dragged him about on the ground, maltreating him, while some said, 'Now preach Christ to us. Now where is the Christ in whom you boast?' Others again begged him to recant. But he answered, 'No; I never will. My Saviour took up His cross and went to God. I take up my life as a cross, and will follow Him to heaven.'

They then continued their insults and injuries, until a sepoy coming up, urged on by the Mussulmans, smote him with his sword. The words, 'O Jesus, receive my soul,' escaped his lips, and he departed to be with Christ. Walayat Ali was thus ready to die, and so met with calmness and courage a martyr's death.

Answered Prayer.

(By the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes.)

Faith, mighty faith the promise sees,
And looks to that alone—
Laughs at impossibilities
And cries, it shall be done.

Some time since the West London Mission was greatly in need of money, as has generally been its experience since it began. It would seem as though God could not trust us with any margin. Perhaps if we had a considerable balance in the bank, we should put our trust in that, instead of realizing every moment our absolute dependence on God. Like the children of Israel in the wilderness, we have had supplies of manna just sufficient for our immediate needs. Always in want, always tempted to be anxious, it has always happened at the last moment, when the case seemed absolutely desperate, that help has been forthcoming, sometimes from the most unexpected quarter. But a short time ago the situation appeared to be unusually alarming, and I invited my principal colleague to meet me near midnight — the only time when we could secure freedom from interruption, and rest from our incessant work.

We spent some time, in the quietness of that late hour, imploring God to send us

£1,000 for this work by a particular day. In the course of the meeting one of our number burst forth into rapturous expressions of gratitude, as he was irresistibly convinced that our prayer was heard and would be answered. I confess I did not share his absolute confidence, and the absolute confidence of my wife and some others. I believed with trembling. I am afraid I could say nothing more than 'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.'

The appointed day came. I went to the meeting at which the sum total would be announced. It appeared that in a very short time, and in very extraordinary ways, £900 had been sent to the West London Mission. I confess that, as a theologian, I was perplexed. We had asked for £1,000—there was a deficiency of £10. I could not understand it. I went home trying to explain the discrepancy. As I entered my house and was engaged in taking off my hat and coat, I noticed a letter lying on the table in the hall. I remembered that it had been lying there when I went out, but I was in a great hurry and did not stop to open it. I took it up and opened it, and discovered that it contained a cheque for £10 for the West End Mission, bringing up the amount needed for that day to the exact sum we had named in our midnight prayer-meeting. Of course, this also may be described as a mere coincidence; but all we want are coincidences of this sort. The name is nothing the fact is everything. And there have been many such facts.

Let me state one other in reference to money, as this kind of illustration will, perhaps more than any other, impress those who are disposed to be cynical and to scoff. I was engaged in an effort to build Sunday-schools in the South of London. A benevolent friend promised to give £100 if I could get £900 additional within a week. I did my utmost, and through desperate efforts, with the assistance of friends, did get £800, but not one penny more, we reached Saturday, and the terms of all the promises were that unless we obtained £1,000 that week we could not proceed with the building scheme, and the entire enterprise might have been postponed for years, and, indeed, never have been accomplished on the large scale we desired.

On Saturday morning one of my principal church officers called, and said he had come upon an extraordinary business; that a Christian woman in that neighborhood whom I did not know, of whom I had never heard, who had no connection whatever with my church, had that morning been lying awake in bed, and an extraordinary impression had come into her mind that she was at once to give me £100! She naturally resisted so extraordinary an impression as a caprice or a delusion. But it refused to leave her, it became stronger, until at last she was deeply convinced that it was the will of God. What made it more extraordinary was that she had never before had, and would in all probability, never again have, £100 at her disposal for any such purpose. But that morning she sent me the money through my friend, who produced it in the form of crisp Bank of England notes. From that day to this I have had no idea whatever who she was, as she wished to conceal her name from me. Whether she is alive or in heaven, I cannot say; but what I do know is that this extraordinary answer to our prayers secured the rest of the money, and led to the erection of one of the finest schools in London, in which there are more than one thousand scholars to-day.—'Illustrated Missionary News.'

A Revival at a Dance.

Shortly after Brother Walker had left me to visit some old friends and relatives in West Tennessee, I journeyed on toward my home in Christian County, Kentucky. Saturday night came on, and found me in a strange region of country, and in the hills, knobs, and spurs of the Cumberland Mountains. I greatly desired to stop on the approaching Sabbath, and spend it with a Christian people; but I was now in a region of country where there was no gospel minister for many miles around, and where, as I learned, many of the scattered population had never heard a Gospel sermon in all their lives, and where the inhabitants knew no Sabbath, only to hunt and visit, drink and dance.

Thus, lonesome and pensive, late in the evening, I hailed at a tolerably decent house, and the landlord kept entertainment. I rode up, and asked for quarters. The gentleman said I could stay, but he was afraid I would not enjoy myself very much as a traveller, inasmuch as they had a party meeting there that night to have a little dance. I inquired how far it was to a decent house of entertainment on the road; he said seven miles. I told him if he would treat me civilly, and feed my horse well, by his leave I would stay. He assured me I should be treated civilly. I dismounted and went in. The people collected, made a large company. I saw there was not much drinking going on.

I quietly took my seat in one corner of the house and the dance commenced. I sat quietly musing, a total stranger, and greatly desired to preach to this people. Finally, I concluded to spend the next day (Sabbath) there, and ask the privilege to preach to them. I had hardly settled this point in my mind, when a beautiful ruddy young lady walked very gracefully up to me, dropped a handsome courtesy, and pleasantly, with winning smiles, invited me to take a dance with her. I can hardly describe my thoughts and feelings on that occasion. However, in a moment, I resolved on a desperate experiment.

I rose as gracefully as I could; I will not say with some emotion, but with many emotions. The young lady moved to my right side; I grasped her right hand with my right hand, while she leaned her left arm on mine. In this position we walked on the floor. The whole company seemed pleased at this act of politeness in the young lady, shown to a stranger. The colored man, who was the fiddler, began to put his fiddle in the best order. I then spoke to the fiddler to hold a moment, and added that for years I had not undertaken any matter of importance without first asking the blessing of God on it, and I desired now to ask the blessing of God upon this beautiful young lady and the whole company, that had shown such an act of politeness to a total stranger.

Here I grasped the young lady's hand tightly, and said, 'Let us all kneel down and pray,' and then instantly dropped on my knees, and commenced praying with all the power of soul and body, that I could command. The young lady tried to get loose from me, but I held her tight. Presently she fell on her knees. Some of the company kneeled, some stood, some fled, some sat still, all looked curious. The fiddler ran off into the kitchen, saying, 'Lord a mercy, what de matter! what is dat mean?'

While I prayed, some wept out aloud, and some cried for mercy. I rose from my knees and commenced an exhortation, after which I sang a hymn. The young lady who invited me to dance lay prostrate, crying earnestly for mercy. I exhorted again; I sang and prayed nearly all night. About fifteen of that company professed religion, and our meeting lasted next day and next night, and as many more were powerfully converted. I organized a Society, took thirty-two into the Church, and sent them a preacher. My landlord was appointed leader, which post he held for many years. This was the commencement of a great and glorious revival of religion in that region of country, and several of the young men converted at this Methodist preacher dance became useful ministers of Jesus Christ.

I recall this strange scene with astonisment to this day, and do not permit myself to reason on it much. In some conditions of society, I should have failed; in others I should have been mobbed; in others I should have been considered a lunatic. So far as I did permit myself to reason on it at the time, my conclusions were something like these; These are a people not gospel-taught or hardened. They, at this early hour, have not drunk to intoxication, and they will be at least as alarmed at me and my operations as I can be at theirs. If I fail, it is no disgrace; if I succeed, it will be a fulfilment of a duty commanded, to be 'instant in season and out of season.' Surely, in all human wisdom, it was out of season; but I had, for some cause or other, a strong impression on my mind, from the beginning to the end of this affair (if it is ended), that I should succeed by taking the devil by surprise, as he had often served me, and thereby be avenged on him for giving me so much trouble on my way to General Conference, and back thus far.—From Peter Cartwright's Autobiography.

Hymn for Our Soldiers on the Ocean.

Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bids the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep
And calm amidst the storm didst sleep:
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

O Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
Who bade their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace:
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour:
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go:
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN EXODUS.

Feb. 4., Sun.—The Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it.

Feb. 5., Mon.—Thou shalt not oppress a stranger.

Feb. 6., Tues.—Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil.

Feb. 7., Wed.—Thou shalt not raise a false report.

Feb. 8., Thurs.—Keep thee from a false matter.

Feb. 9., Fri.—I will not justify the wicked.

Feb. 10., Sat.—Ye shall serve the Lord your God.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Black Rock.

(A tale of the Selkirks, by Ralph Connor.)

CHAPTER V.

THE MAKING OF THE LEAGUE.

Thursday morning found Craig anxious, even gloomy, but with fight in every line of his face. I tried to cheer him in my clumsy way by chaffing him about his League. But he did not blaze up as he has often did. It was a thing too near his heart for that. He only shrank a little from my stupid chaff and said—

'Don't, old chap; this is a good deal to me. I've tried for two years to get this, and if it falls through now, I shall find it hard to bear.'

Then I repented my light words and said, 'Why! the thing will go sure enough; after that scene in the church they won't go back.'

'Poor fellows!' he said as if to himself; 'whiskey is about the only excitement they have, and they find it pretty tough to give it up; and a lot of the men are against the total abstinence idea. It seems rot to them.'

'It is pretty steep,' I said. 'Can't you do without it?'

'No; I fear not. There is nothing else for it. Some of them talk of compromise. They want to quit the saloon and drink quietly in their shacks. The moderate drinker may have his place in other countries, though I can't see it. I haven't thought that out, but here the only safe man is the man who quits it dead and fights it straight; anything else is sheerest humbug and nonsense.'

I had not gone in much for total abstinence to this time, chiefly because its advocates seemed for the most part to be somewhat ill-balanced; but as I listened to Craig, I began to feel that perhaps there was a total abstinence side to the temperance question; and as to Black Rock, I could see how it must be one thing or the other.

We found Mrs. Mavor brave and bright. She shared Mr. Craig's anxiety but not his gloom. Her courage was of that serene kind that refuses to believe defeat possible, and lifts the spirit into the triumph of final victory. Through the past week she had been carefully disposing her forces and winning recruits. And yet she never seemed to urge or persuade the men; but as evening after evening the miners dropped into the cosy room downstairs, with her talk and her songs she charmed them till they were wholly hers. She took for granted their loyalty, trusted them utterly, and so made it difficult for them to be other than true men.

That night Mrs. Mavor's large store-room, which had been fitted up with seats, was crowded with miners when Mr. Craig and I entered.

After a glance over the crowd, Craig said, 'There's the manager; that means war.' And I saw a tall man, very fair, whose chin fell away to the vanishing point, and whose hair was parted in the middle, talking to Mrs. Mavor. She was dressed in some rich soft stuff that became her well. She was looking beautiful as ever, but there was something quite new in her manner. Her air of good-fellowship was gone, and she was the high-bred lady, whose gentle dignity and sweet grace, while very winning, made familiarity impossible.

The manager was doing his best, and appeared to be well pleased with himself. 'She'll get him if any one can. I failed,' said Craig.

I stood looking at the men, and a fine lot of fellows they were. Free, easy, bold in their bearing, they gave no sign of rudeness; and, from their frequent glances toward Mrs. Mavor, I could see they were always conscious of her presence. No men are so truly gentle as are the Westerners in the presence of a good woman. They were evidently of all classes and ranks originally, but now, and in this country of real measurements, they ranked simply according to the 'man' in them. 'See that handsome young chap of dissipated appearance?' said Craig; 'that's Vernon Winton, an Oxford graduate, blue blood, awfully plucky, but quite gone. When he gets repentant, instead of shooting himself, he comes to Mrs. Mavor. Fact.'

'From Oxford University to Black Rock mining camp is something of a step,' I replied.

'That queer-looking little chap in the corner is Billy Breen. How in the world has he got here?' went on Mr. Craig. Queer-looking he was. A little man, with a small head set on heavy square shoulders, long arms, and huge hands that sprawled all over his body; altogether a most ungainly specimen of humanity.

By this time Mrs. Mavor had finished with the manager, and was in the centre of a group of miners. Her grand air was all gone, and she was their comrade, their friend, one of themselves. Nor did she assume the role of entertainer, but rather did she, with half-shy air, cast herself upon their chivalry, and they were too truly gentlemen to fail her. It is hard to make Western men, and especially old-timers, talk. But this gift was hers, and it stirred my admiration to see her draw on a grizzled veteran to tell how, twenty years ago, he had crossed the Great Divide, and had seen and done what no longer fell to me to see or do in these new days. And so she won the old-timer. But it was beautiful to see the innocent guile with which she caught Billy Breen, and drew him to her corner near the organ. What she was saying I knew not, but poor Billy was protesting, waving his big hands.

The meeting came to order, with Shaw in the chair, and the handsome young Oxford man secretary. Shaw stated the object of the meeting in a few halting words; but when he came to speak of the pleasure he and all felt in being together in that room, his words flowed in a stream, warm and full. Then there was a pause, and Mr. Craig was called. But he knew better than to speak at that point. Finally Nixon rose hesitatingly; but, as he caught a bright smile from Mrs. Mavor, he straightened himself as if for a fight.

'I ain't no good at makin' speeches,' he began; 'but it ain't speeches we want. We've got somethin' to do, and what we want to know is how to do it. And to be right plain, we want to know how to drive this cursed whiskey out of Black Rock. You all know what it's doing for us—at least for some of us. And it's time to stop it now, or for some of us it'll mighty soon be too late. And the only way to stop its work is to quit drinkin' it and help others to quit. I hear some talk of a League, and what I say is, if it's a League out and out against whiskey, a Total Abstinence right to the ground, then I'm with it—that's my talk—I move we make that kind of League.'

Nixon sat down amid cheers and a chorus of remarks, 'Good man!' 'That's the talk!' 'Stay with it!' but he waited for the smile and the glance that came to him from the beautiful face in the corner, and with that he seemed content.

Again there was silence. Then the secretary rose with a slight flush upon his handsome, delicate face, and seconded the motion. If they would pardon a personal reference he would give them his reasons. He had come to this country to make his fortune; now he was anxious to make enough to enable him to go home with some degree of honor. His home held everything that was dear to him. Between him and that home, between him and all that was good and beautiful and honorable, stood whiskey. 'I am ashamed to confess,' and the flush deepened on his cheek, and his lips grew thinner, 'that I feel the need of some such league.' His handsome face, his perfect style of address, learned possibly in the 'Union,' but, more than all, his show of nerve—for these men knew how to value that—made a strong impression on his audience; but there were following cheers.

Mr. Craig appeared hopeful; but on Mrs Mavor's face there was a look of wistful, tender pity, for she knew how much the words had cost the lad.

Then up rose a sturdy, hard-featured man, with a burr in his voice that proclaimed his birth. His name was George Crawford, I afterwards learned, but every one called him Geordie. He was a character in his way, fond of his glass; but though he was never known to refuse a drink, he was never known to be drunk. He took his drink, for the most part, with bread and cheese in his own shack, or with a friend or two in a sober, respectable way, but never could be induced to join the wild carousals in Slavin's saloon. He made the highest wages, but was far too true a Scot to spend his money recklessly. Every one waited eagerly to hear Geordie's mind. He spoke solemnly, as befitted a Scotsman expressing a deliberate opinion, and carefully, as if choosing his best English, for when Geordie became excited no one in Black Rock could understand him.

'Maister Chairman,' said Geordie, 'I'm aye for temperance in a' things.' There was a shout of laughter, at which Geordie gazed round in pained surprise. 'I'll no deny,' he went on in an explanatory tone, 'that I tak ma mornin', an' maybe a nip at noon, an' a wee drap aifter wark in the evenin', n' whiles a sip o' toddy wi' a freen thae cauld nichts. But I'm no' a guzzler, an' I dinna gang in wi' thae loons flingin' aboot guid money.'

'And that's thrue for you, me bye,' interrupted a rich Irish brogue, to the delight of the crowd and the amazement of Geordie, who went calmly on—

'Ah, I canna bide yon saloon whaur they sell sic awfu'-like stuff—it's mair like lye nor guid whiskey,—and whaur ye're never sure o' yer richt change. It's an awful-like place; man!'—and Geordie began to warm up—'ye can juist smell the sulphur when ye gang in. But I dinna care aboot thae Temperance Soceeities, wi' their pledges an' havers; an' I canna see what hairm can come till a man by takin' a bottle o' guid Glenlivet hame wi' him. I canna bide thae teetotal buddies.'

Geordie's speech was followed by loud applause, partly appreciative of Geordie himself, but largely sympathetic with his position.

Two or three men followed in the same strain, advocating a league for mutual improvement and social purposes, but without the teetotal pledge; they were against the saloon, but didn't see why they should not take a drink now and then.

Finally, the manager rose to support his 'friend, Mistah—ah—Cwafoad,' ridiculing

the idea of a total abstinence pledge as fanatical and indeed 'absuard.' He was opposed to the saloon, and would like to see a club formed, with a comfortable club-room, books, magazines, pictures, games, anything, 'dontcheknow, to make the time pass pleasantly'; but it was 'absuard to ask men to abstain fwom a pwopah use of—aw—nouwishing dwinks,' because some men made beasts of themselves. He concluded by offering $50.00 towards the support of such a club.

The current of feeling was setting strongly against the total abstinence idea, and Craig's face was hard and his eyes gleamed like coals. Then he did a bit of generalship. He proposed that since they had the two plans clearly before them they should take a few minutes' intermission in which to make up their minds, and he was sure they would be glad to have Mrs. Mavor sing. In the interval the men talked in groups, eagerly, even fiercely, hampered seriously in the forceful expression of their opinion by the presence of Mrs. Mavor, who glided from group to group, dropping a word here and a smile there. She reminded me of a general riding along the ranks, bracing his men for the coming battle. She paused beside Geordie, spoke earnestly for a few moments, while Geordie gazed solemnly at her, and then she came back to Billy in the corner near me. What she was saying I could not hear, but poor Billy was protesting, spreading his hands out aimlessly before him, but gazing at her the while in dumb admiration. Then she came to me. 'Poor Billy, he was good to my husband,' she said softly, 'and he has a good heart.'

'He's not much to look at,' I could not help saying.

'The oyster hides its pearl,' she answered, a little reproachfully.

'The shell is apparent enough,' I replied, for the mischief was in me.

'Ah yes,' she replied softly, 'but it is the pearl we love.'

I moved over beside Billy, whose eyes were following Mrs. Mavor as she went to speak to Mr. Craig. 'Well,' I said; you all seem to have a high opinion of her.'

'An 'igh hopinion,' he replied, in deep scorn. 'An 'igh hopinion, you calls it.'

'What would you call it?' I asked, wishing to draw him out.

'Oi don't call it nothink,' he replied, spreading out his rough hands.

'She seems very nice,' I said indifferently.

He drew his eyes away from Mrs. Mavor, and gave attention to me for the first time.

'Nice!' he repeated with fine contempt; and then he added impressively. 'Them as don't know shouldn't say nothink.'

'You are right,' I answered earnestly, 'and I am quite of your opinion.'

He gave me a quick glance out of his little, deep-set, dark-blue eyes, and opened his heart to me. He told me, in his quaint speech, how again and again she had taken him in and nursed him, and encouraged him, and sent him out with a new heart for his battle, until, for very shame's sake at his own miserable weakness, he had kept out of her way for many months, going steadily down.

'Now, oi hain't got no grip; but when she says to me to-night, says she, "Oh, Billy"—she calls me Billy to myself' (this with a touch of pride)—'"oh, Billy," says she, "we must 'ave a total habstinence league to-night, and oi want you to 'elp!" and she keeps a-lookin' at me with those heyes o' hern till, if you believe me, sir,' lowering his voice to an emphatic whisper, 'though oi knowed oi couldn't 'elp none, afore oi knowed oi promised 'er oi would. It's 'er heyes. When them heyes says "do," hup you steps and "does."'

I remembered my first look into her eyes, and I could quite understand Billy's submission. Just as she began to sing I went over to Geordie and took my seat beside him. She began with an English slumber song, 'Sleep, Baby, Sleep'—one of Barry Cornwall's I think,—and then sang a love-song with the refrain, 'Love once again'; but no thrill came to me, and I began to wonder if her spell over me was broken. Geordie, who had been listening somewhat indifferently, encouraged me, however, by saying, 'She's just pittin' aff time with thae feckless sangs; man, there's nae grup till them.' But when, after a few minutes' pause, she began 'My Ain Fireside,' Geordie gave a sigh of satisfaction. 'Ay, that's somethin' like,' and when she finished the first verse he gave me a dig in the ribs with his elbow that took my breath away, saying in a whisper. 'Man, hear till yon, wul ye?' And again I found the spell upon me. It was not the voice after all, but the great soul behind that thrilled and compelled. She was seeing, feeling, living what she sang, and her voice showed us her heart. The cosy fireside, with its bonnie, blithe blink, where no care could abide, but only peace and love, was vividly present to her, and as she sang we saw it too. When she came to the last verse—

'When I dráw in my stool
On my cosy hearth-stane,
My heart loups sae licht
I scarce ken't for my ain,'

there was a feeling of tears in the flowing song, and we knew the words had brought her a picture of the fireside that would always seem empty. I felt the tears in my eyes, and, wondering at myself, I cast a stealthy glance at the men about me; and I saw that they, too, were looking through their hearts' windows upon firesides and ingle-neuks that gleamed from far.

And then she sang 'The Auld Hoose,' and Geordie, giving me another poke, said, 'That's ma ain sang,' and when I asked him what he meant, he whisperd fiercely, 'Wheesht, man!' and I did, for his face looked dangerous.

In a pause between the verses I heard Geordie saying to himself, 'Ay, I maun gie it up, I doot.'

'What?' I ventured.

'Naething ava.' And then he added impatiently, 'Man, but ye're an inqueesitive buddie,' after which I subsided into silence.

Immediately upon the meeting being called to order, Mr. Craig made his speech, and it was a fine bit of work. Beginning with a clear statement of the object in view, he set in contrast the two kinds of leagues proposed. One, a league of men who would take whiskey in moderation; the other, a league of men who were pledged to drink none themselves, and to prevent in every honorable way others from drinking. There was no long argument, but he spoke at white heat; and as he appealed to the men to think, each not of himself alone, but of the others as well, the yearning, born of his long months of desire and of toil, vibrated in his voice and reached to the heart. Many men looked uncomfortable and uncertain, and even the manager looked none too cheerful.

At this critical moment the crowd got a shock. Billy Breen shuffled out to the front, and, in a voice shaking with nervousness and emotion, began to speak, his large, coarse hands wandering tremulously about.

'Oi hain't no bloomin' temperance horator, and mayhap oi hain't no right to speak 'ere, but oi got somethin' to saigh (say) and oi 'm agoin' to saigh it.

'Parson, 'ee says is it wiskey or no whiskey in this 'ere club? If ye hask me, wich (which) ye don't, then no wiskey, says oi; and if ye hask why?—look at me! Once oi could mine more coal than hany man in the camp; now oi hain't fit to be a sorter. Once oi 'ad some pride and hambition; now oi 'angs round awaitin' for some one to saigh, "'Ere, Billy, 'ave summat." Once oi made good paigh (pay), and sent it 'ome regular to my poor old mother (she's in the wukus now, she is); oi hain't sent 'er hany for a year and a 'alf. Once Billy was a good fellow and 'ad plenty o' friends; now Slavin 'isselk kicks un hout, 'ee does. Why? why?' His voice rose to a shriek. 'Because when Billy 'ad money in 'is pocket, hevery man in this bloomin' camp as meets un at hevery corner says, "'Ello, Billy, wat'll 'ave?" And there's wiskey at Slavin's, and there's wiskey in the shacks, and hevery 'oliday and hevery Sunday there's wiskey and w'en ye feel bad it's wiskey, and w'en ye feel good it's wiskey, and heverywhere and halway it's wiskey, wiskey, wiskey! And now ye're goin' to stop it, and 'ow? T'manager, 'ee says picters and magazines. 'Ee takes 'is wine and 'is beer like a gentlemen, 'ee does, and 'ee's a beast, and t'manager, 'ee kicks un hout. But supposin' Billy wants to stop bein' a beast, and starts a-tryin' to be a man again, and w'en 'ee gets good an' dry, along comes some un and says, "'Ello, Billy, 'ave a smile," it hain't picters nor magazines 'ud stop un then. Picters and magazines! Gwad 'elp the man as hain't nothin' but picters and magazines to 'elp un w'en 'ee's got a devil hinside and a devil houtside a-shovin' and a-drawin' of un down to 'ell. And that's w'ere oi 'm a-goin' straight, and yet bloomin' League, whiskey or no whiskey can't help me. But and he lifted his trembling hands above his head, 'If ye stop the whiskey a-flowing' round this camp, ye'll stop some of these lads that's a-followin' me 'ard. Yes, you! and you! and you!' and his voice rose to a wild scream as he shook a trembling finger at one and another.

'Man, it's fair gruesome tae hear him,' said Geordie; 'he's no' canny'; and reaching out for Billy as he went stumbling past, he pulled him down to a seat beside him, saying, 'Sit doon, lad, sit doon. We'll mak a man o' ye yet.' Then he rose and, using many r's, said, 'Maister Chairman, a' doot we'll juist hae to gie it up.'

'Give it up?' called out Nixon. 'Give up the League?'

'Na! na! lad, but juist the wee drap whusky. It's nae that guid onyway, and it's a terrible price. Man, gin ye gang tae Henderson's in Buchanan street, in Gleska, ye ken, ye'll get mair for three-an'-saxpence than ye wull at Slavin's for five dollars. An' it'll no' pit ye mad like yon stuff, but it gangs doon smooth an' saft-like. But' (regretfully) 'ye'll no' can get it here; an' a'm thinkin' a'll juist sign yon teetotal thing.' And up he strode to the table and put his name down in the book Craig had ready. Then to Billy he said, 'Come awa, lad! pit yer name doon, an' we'll stan' by ye.'

Poor Billy looked around helplessly, his nerve all gone, and sat still. There was a swift rustle of garments, and Mrs. Mavor was beside him, and, in a voice that only Billy and I could hear, said, 'You'll sign with me, Billy?'

Billy gazed at her with a hopeless look in his eyes, and shook his little head. She leaned slightly toward him, smiling brightly, and, touching his arm gently, said—

'Come Billy, there's no fear,' and in a lower voice, 'God will help you.'

As Billy went up, following Mrs. Mavor close, a hush fell on the men until he had put his name to the pledge; then they came up, man by man, and signed. But Craig sat with his head down till I touched his shoulder. He took my hand and held it fast, saying over and over, under his breath, 'Thank God, thank God!'

And so the League was made.

(To be continued.)

The Capital of the Corner Store.

(By Frederick E. Burnham.)

There is a capital better than money at the disposal of every intelligent young man and woman. Courtesy is that fund, and it has carried many a business house through a severe financial crisis when apparently 'solid men' have failed.

Several years ago a young man, who had managed by much self-denial to lay by something like two hundred dollars, opened a small shoe store in one of our Eastern cities. Men who had been in business there for years saw only failure staring him in the face. They said that his stock was too small to attract customers, and that he needed ten times his capital to carry on a successful business. Little did they dream of the rich fund behind the young storekeeper.

Business, it is true, was dull during the first few days, and not a customer passed his threshold the first week. But one morning the spell was broken. A gentleman bought a pair of shoestrings. There was not much profit in the sale, perhaps two or three cents, but the young storekeeper was just as careful and painstaking as if he were selling an expensive pair of shoes, and despite the remonstrances of the gentleman, he insisted upon putting in the laces himself.

The customer did not forget the little courtesy. He mentioned the occurrence to his partner in business, saying that the young man deserved encouragement. Within a week they both purchased footwear at the new store. They found him more polite and anxious to serve them than many of the clerks at the large stores, and they spoke a good word for him from time to time, especially as they found the goods satisfactory.

One by one customers increased. The news began to circulate freely that the 'Corner Store,' as it was called, was the place to go to for reliable goods and obliging attendance. After a time some of the old storekeepers noted the fact that certain former customers were dropping off. They also noted that the 'Corner Store,' was doing a thriving business. It was all a mystery. Heretofore they had imagined that an imposing display of goods was the best possible advertisement, yet here was a store of the smallest pretensions that was constantly absorbing some of their best trade.

A money panic soon afterwards swept thousands of business houses off their feet. Some of the wealthiest firms kept their heads above water with difficulty. Did the 'Corner Store' fail? No. There was a fund behind the little store which no storm could touch. It was courtesy that had transformed failure into success.

Young man and young woman, whatever career you may have marked out for yourself, make true politeness a corner-stone. Recollect that each kindly act performed and each gracious word spoken adds to the store which no disaster can bankrupt, and upon which the interest is enormous.—'Forward.'

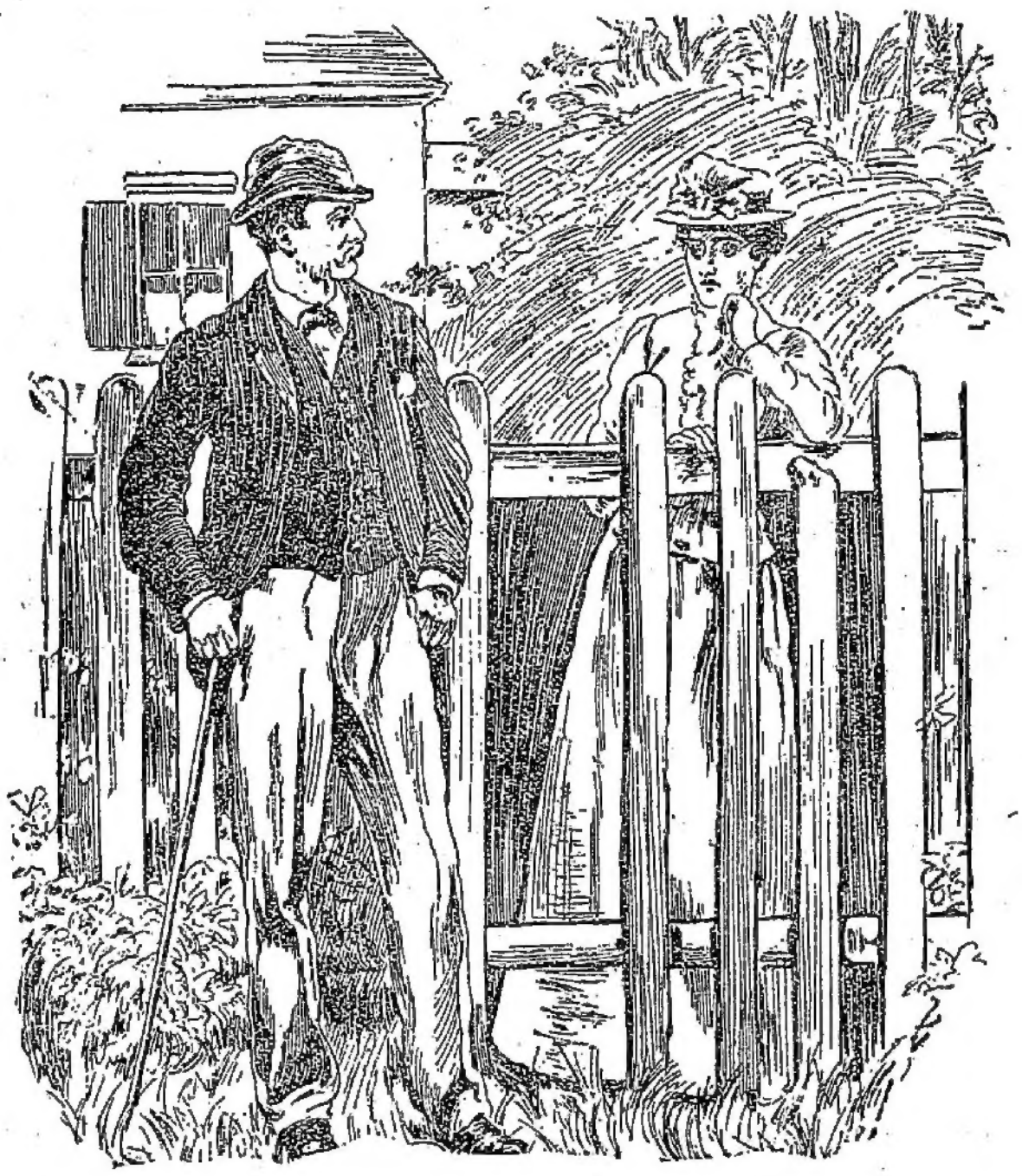
For God or Mammon?

(By Lucy Taylor, in 'Light in the Home.')

'So Frank be coming home at last, lass and thou'lt be a-talking, I guess, of being wed. Girls be allers keen on running after homes of their own, and I s'pose I mustn't say thee nay.'

This remark from Mr. MacLean, as he sat in his garden one mild evening in May, absorbed in the joys of a long pipe, was not received with any marked satisfaction by his daughter Maud, busy close by tying up peonies beaten down by heavy rains to the ground. The fact was, the girl knew it was unjust, and irritated her. She muttered something rather incoherent about not knowing which day her sweetheart would arrive, and moved rather further off to another plant.

It was quite true, certainly, that Maud



"PROMOTING TEMPERANCE BY SELLING BEER?" SAID MAUD.

Maclean had thoughts of 'being wed'; such plans, indeed, had formed a sort of background to all her thoughts for years past, for she and Frank Evans had been engaged almost in childhood and the early romance had deepened, as such romances do not always, into a very real and deep affection. But it was not true that she was in haste to leave home, though her father found it convenient to appear to think so; he had recently married again, and as his new wife expected to have her home to herself as soon as possible, he was making a great virtue of a willingness to part with his daughter.

'If Frank gets that grocery business of Fotheringham's you'll be a lucky girl,' went on Mr. Maclean; 'but I doubt if it'll not run to too high a figure. I'll advance something, of course—all I'd have to leave you, my girl; for there's money in that concern, I'll warrant, and Frank's a sharp business fellow; he'll turn over a tidy fortune there, and make a lady of you, Maud, as much a lady, perhaps, as if you'd taken your old father's advice and had Harry Dunn.'

Now Maud, like most girls of her age—she was only twenty—had ambitions, and the prospect seemed a promising one; nevertheless she did not entirely relish her father's mercenary way of talking of the future, and his reference to a rejected suitor was specially distasteful. Frank had been away now for three years in a distant town, learning his business, and visits home and to his patient sweetheart had been brief and hasty. Meanwhile the handsome young Harry Dunn, who was already established in a prosperous business on his own account, had tried to win Maud, though, to do him justice, he did not know that her word was pledged to another when he pleaded his own cause. Maud, of course, had steadily refused to have anything to say to him, and the matter never cost her an hour's perplexity or a moment's regret. Her love was not to be bought or sold, and, moreover, much as she admired Harry Dunn, she knew he made no profession whatever of ruling his life by God's laws, or delighting in His service. The light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ had stolen into Maud's heart at a very early age, and relying on Him as her Saviour, she had made His Word and will the guide of her youth. She was now a member of a Christian church and a pledged total abstainer, and Frank, too, had been very deeply impressed by the teaching of a godly mother, and had certainly made a bold stand against the temptations which assailed him among his young companions. But though the good seed of the kingdom had been rooted in his heart, and the first scorching heat of temptation had failed to wither it, yet the thorns now were

springing faster than the green ears, and the great experiment was being tried once more whether, notwithstanding Christ's solemn warning, it was not, after all, possible to 'serve God and Mammon.'

Maud had been a little disappointed that Frank had never taken the temperance pledge, not with any anxiety for his personal safety, but because, unless he did so they could not join effectually in temperance work. But Frank had either taken no notice of her plea, or else put her off with the excuse that he was so busy; he would attend to that sort of thing when his time was out.

A few more weeks sped by, and the lovers met. Frank came home in high spirits, his mother, who was growing rather feeble, overjoyed to have him with her again, and Maud beginning to feel, as they talked over their plans, that her dreams and hopes were all now very near fulfilment.

'There's no need now to wait any longer, my sweetheart,' said Frank, one evening, as, after a long talk, they were parting at Mr. Maclean's gate: 'you must get your white toggery ready as fast as you can, and we'll be married in a month, and my dear little wife shall have an easy time of it. I promise her.'

He had been telling Maud that the coveted business had been finally secured, that all the money matters were settled and they were free to start on their new life at once. Maud's heart was beating fast. She loved Frank passionately and trusted him fully, and tears of gratitude and joy filled her eyes as she thanked God for her happy lot. But even while the song of praise was yet fresh in her heart, a little vague, flickering shadow suddenly fell across the sunny prospect. They had parted at the gate, and were just taking a lingering farewell as they strolled along on either side of the fence, Maud following the garden path, and Frank doing a little trespassing in the flowery meadow.

'And there's another fine thing about that business,' said Frank. 'It has a licence for wines and spirits, though old Fotheringham never pushed it much; there's a lot of money in it, and I shall get an "off" at the next Brewster Sessions and do a lot of beer trade.'

Maud was silent. A little miserable chill crept to her heart, for she did not at all relish the announcement, and yet could not bear to vex Frank in the very least.

'Of course, I shall conduct the business properly,' he went on; 'it will be much better in our hands than in a publican's.'

But the explanation did not mend matters at all. It only impressed the fact more vividly on Maud's mind that there would exist some strong resemblance between her husband's business and that bane of the village, the public-house.

'But, Frank,' she faltered, 'you know I am a pledged abstainer—you almost promised me you would sign too. Could you not be content with the groceries? There is danger, surely, to others, if not to us, in the drink.'

'"Content"! How ridiculous you women are!' retorted Frank, with quite unnecessary and unexpected warmth. 'That's how you hamper a fellow who has the least spark of enterprise. I call it abominable selfishness! Here am I offering you a good time of it, and a nice home, and you seem to forget there is anyone else to think of but yourself. There's mother to care for, and I'm bound to make the best thing of the business for her sake!'

'Oh, Frank dear, forgive me!' said Maud, quite frightened at this sudden outburst of anger—'forgive me; I was not forgetting dear mother, but—I don't quite like the business—I don't feel sure it's right—and we do not take the drink ourselves, you see.'

'Not like it! Well, I suppose we don't sell butter and tea because it is so particularly charming an occupation,' replied Frank, with a touch of contempt in his tone; 'and what do women understand about business, I'd like to know? You mind your affairs and I'll mind mine, and we'll get on well enough; and as for your pledge, I'm not asking you to break it, any more than I want you to eat all the pickles my customers may happen to fancy. And as for the beer,' he went on, 'if I can sell one bottle at a time it will save the women and children from going up to that horrid Roebuck public-house. Why, my dear, we shall be promoting temperance after all, and filling our pockets at the same time.'

'Promoting temperance by selling beer—that seems a little strange,' said Maud, doubtfully, very much distressed and puzzled by Frank's explanation. She did not know

anything about the conditions of licences, or about the argument that selling intoxicating drinks at a grocer's conduces, in some mysterious way, to sobriety; but she could not get rid of the painful and most unwelcome conviction that now, for the first time, her notions of right and wrong, dim though they were, conflicted with Frank's.

Further assurances of the perfect innocency of the business in which her lover was so anxious to engage did not improve matters, and finally the young man departed in a huff, declaring 'there was no accounting for women's tantrums,' and Maud went indoors as intensely miserable as she had been blissfully content but an hour before.

But the next morning a happy thought occurred to her. Mrs. Evans would no doubt disapprove of the plan, and meanwhile she would consult her former Sunday-school teacher, and see what advice she would give on the matter. The chat with Miss Robins, however, rather tended to complicate matters. That lady believed, she said, 'in true temperance'—that is, in 'moderation in all things, and the right and thankful use of the good creature of God'—quite ignoring the fact that nobody thinks of swallowing dangerous poisons (even if less perilous than alcohol) in moderation; and also taking for granted that an agent which manifests the works of the devil, and hinders the kingdom of God as nothing else has ever done, is actually a 'good creature of God.' She assured Maud how easily she would exercise a wise judgment in selling these drinks to 'those who knew how to use them and might really need them as medicines.'

Miss Robins wound up her very confusing remarks on a subject of which she knew nothing—never having given it any really thoughtful attention—by dwelling impressively on the affection of the young couple. 'You have loved each other long and truly,' she said. 'You both desire to serve God—that is a most blessed foundation for wedded happiness. Let nothing, therefore, come between you to cause contention or the least shade of bitterness. Each must bear and forbear, and neither can always have their own way, and certainly, in business matters, it is the wife's duty to yield a mere little prejudice of her own to her husband's judgment.'

All this sounded very excellent and pious, and Maud was strongly influenced by it. Her misgiving began to subside, and she felt quite virtuous at the thought of giving up her own wishes in the matter. Of course, it would be very delightful to grow rich, like that excellent man, the wine and spirit merchant, who had given so largely to the new organ, and took the chair in so able a manner at the missionary meetings. The empty argument to which she had listened was in danger of stifling the clear, faithful voice of conscience, which, tender and true, had sounded out its timely alarm, and Maud was tempted to act still more foolishly than the rich young man of past days, who made no attempt to reconcile disobedience to Christ's commands with an outward following of Him, and who chose Mammon, and Mammon alone, sorrowful as he was in making the choice.

And when the puzzled girl told Mrs. Evans of her scruples the good old lady only smiled blandly and seemed surprised. 'You quite vexed my boy the other night,' she said. 'Frank is a bit hasty, and he'd set his heart on doing his best for you and me, dearie, and you see men understand these business affairs as we don't. The best grocers have wine licences, of course; it's convenient to their customers and prevents so many public-houses. If you think my Frank's going to be a drunkard—well, you'd better not have him at all, and say so straight.'

The last words were only a little banter, but they hurt Maud, and she protested her perfect confidence in her lover with a little outburst of tears.

'That's all right, my dear,' said the old lady soothingly. 'You are a dear, good girl, and you'll be the making of my boy, if indeed he could be any better than he is. Keep your pledge, dear, if you like, only we mustn't lay down laws for other people.'

But while Maud's scruples were being thus dispelled, Frank, while away from home for a few days, was secretly uneasy, though he did not choose to own it. He had seen the fearful influence of the drink-trade in his master's business, and been horrified at the suicide of one of his companions, brought about by gambling and drink. A sermon, too, which he heard just then on the words, 'Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness,' struck home, and rankled unpleasantly. Had

Maud pressed her first convictions while his mind was thus wavering, she would probably have prevailed.

But Maud, through a little bit of pride, missed her chance. She declined Mrs. Evans's invitation to tea on the night of Frank's return, determined that her lover should come and seek her out himself.

And that very evening Frank chanced to meet Harry Dunn in the village, and, overhearing some foolish chance words of gossip, choose to jump to the conclusion that Maud had been giving him some encouragement to renew his suit. So he would not go near the house for weeks, and in this resentful condition he returned to his old determination about selling drink —'just to show he wasn't to be dictated to.' The foolish misunderstanding was cleared up after a time, to be sure; with some sort of apology, too, on Frank's part, but Maud, by that time, was quite ready to abandon her protest, for which her father had bitterly and ceaselessly reproached her; and a few months later the wedding took place with all outward appearance of happiness and bright prospects for the future.

* * * * *

Four years passed away, and the fair promise of prosperity seemed all fulfilled for Maud and Frank. Business had increased rapidly, especially that branch of it which brought in streams of silver to the till, and sent the perilous tempter forth into happy homes, to spread poverty, and sin and shame. Frank had no scruples now, neither had Maud; gold had blinded their eyes quite effectually to the stain it brought with it. They were respected and honored in the village, regular worshipprs in God's house, ready contributors to 'good objects.' Maud's health had failed a little, it is true, but it seemed nothing serious, and the doctor had found her a 'medicine' on her own shelves instead of on those of his surgery; they were moving, too, into a better house, which doubtless would work wonders.

'More charitable deeds again, Mrs. Evans! You are really too good to the people, I'm sure.'

'Just a few things for the poor folks' tea this afternoon,' returned Mrs. Evans, as she finished tying up a liberal parcel one winter morning for a meal to be given to 'out-of-works,' her little girl, now just two years old, trotting out to 'help.' 'We like to give our mite, you see.'

But the words were violently interrupted. A wizened-looking old woman, partly intoxicated, and her eyes flashing angrily, had stepped up behind the polite customer.

'Your mite!' she shrieked in a shrill, cracked voice. 'It'll take a heap of such mites, I reckon, to clean out the score the Almighty's got agen ye for yer cursed drink selling. 'Poor,' indeed! And who made us poor, I'd like to know? If yer only filched away our money and our victuals, yer might guv 'em back, and hope to be forgiven; but yer sets yer hateful traps as if we were vermin, and sends us to perdition with yer liquor, body and soul. Health, and home, and mother's love, and truth, and honor—all may go as long as yer gets yer gold! Moving inter a big house, be yer—then a mother's curses go with ye inter every brick of it! My girl was a good wife and mother three years agone, and yer set the drink at her door, tempted her with yer little bottles all handy, and told her yer lies about its doing her good! She drank it, and she loved it, and it's ruined her, and she be in jail to-day, took up for being in a drunken row; and the babby's burned to death, and it's all yer doing! And I love it too!' hi sed the wre ched creature, swearing a fearful oath. 'I love it too—you taught me! I'll drink while I've a copper to get a drop to forget my shame and I mean to have it. Here—gi' me a bottle of yer best gin, and look sharp about it.' And she flung a piece of silver on the counter and glanced with hungry eyes at the coveted drink.

Maud, terrified at the old woman's violence, drew back a little, but made no movement to get the desired spirit. Irritated at the slightest delay, and her brain inflamed and excited with the drink she had already taken, the woman snatched up an empty bottle from the floor and flung it with a furious oath at Maud's head. The missile flew wide of its mark, but it struck a row of bottles behind Maud, and brought down three or four upon the little toddling fair-haired child, cutting her head terribly and drenching her with the strong-smelling contents.

A little crowd had assembled by this time, and the old woman was ejected and the child attended to promptly, but her injuries were of so serious a nature that she died in a few hours.

Maud never rallied from that terrible shock, for though after a long illness she slowly recovered strength, her mind was hopelessly deranged. The doctor was surprised that Mr. Evans could have expected anything else.

'With Mrs. Evans's habits,' he said 'the brain was diseased, and could not possibly withstand such a shock when suffering from alcoholic poisoning!'

The discovery that his wife was a drunkard was a fearful revelation to Frank, from whom his mother had contrived to conceal all knowledge of such a state of things. He saw, too late, where the first false step had been taken. They were prosperous enough now, and what was it all worth? They had bartered their best for dross. They had sold the kingdom of God and His righteousness for gold. They had tried the great experiment—and failed! Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.

What Would This Broad Earth Be?

What would this broad earth be
  If in vain quest we found
No faith or loyalty
  Within its barren round?
If pain, and ache, and loss
  Would crush our spirits down,
And we should bear a cross,
    If such be destiny,
    What would this broad earth be?

What would this broad earth be,
  If, loveless and alone,
We found no heart-pulse—we
  To throb to ours alone?
No lips to fan our brows
  With kisses fond and sweet?
No fruit from fancy's boughs
  To nestle at our feet?
    Void of such boons; ah, me!
    What would this broad earth be?

What would this broad earth be,
  With all its pomp and bloom
If no eternity
  Stretched out beyond the tomb?
If through the clouds of death
  That draped the arching skies,
We saw with eyes of faith,
  No dream of paradise?
    If clods of clay were we,
    What would this broad earth be?

—Londonderry 'Journal.'

How Death Fled Before a Preacher.

(By the Rev. Thomas Champness, in the 'Sunday Companion.')

Some of the early years of my ministerial life were spent in Abeokuta, a large city in Western Africa, where the following adventure occurred in connection with an open air service held near one of the markets.

I had been speaking for some time, when all at once the women who formed a large portion of the audience suddenly disappeared not one was left! The thing was done so quickly that I was thrown on my beam-ends, and did not know what to make of it. However, I was soon let into the secret, for I heard a voice chanting and giving me to understand that some one was at hand whom no woman dare face!

There is a superstition in that country called 'Egugun' (Skeleton). It is supposed by the women to be an incarnation of Death, and no woman can look upon it and live. This was how it was that the greater portion of my congregation had taken flight, and no wonder, for the Egugun is greatly feared—although, as a matter of fact, it is only a masquerading native swinging a piece of wood which hums as it flies through the air. This noise is considered to be the voice of a god.

When my readers know that in a neighboring town a young man had dressed himself in fantastic disguise, and appeared as Egugun—a woman was overheard to say: 'That is no Egugun; that is So-and-So'—mentioning a young man's name—she had no sooner said the words than she was put to death!—I say, this will make it plain why those women dared not stay to hear me any longer!

It did not suit me to lose my congregation after this fashion, and I was very angry, though I did not show it, but waited quietly until the hideous thing made its appearance. The man was masked and fearfully disguised, and came dancing into my presence, evidently enjoying my defeat.

I knew a part of the custom—of which, doubtless, he thought me ignorant—which was that Egugun must not touch any man, or suffer himself to be touched, under penalty of death. Both he and the man who came into contact with him must die!

I was an Englishman, and Jesus Christ's man, to boot, and so made up my mind to see which of us was the boldest, and made up to him as though I intended to take hold of him; but this he would not allow, and backed off.

I followed him up and he backed and backed. I saw that I was master of the situation, and followed him up till he had gone out of that part of the town. We then returned to the place where our service had been interrupted, and soon had the people, women and all, to continue the worship of the true God and the preaching of the Gospel.

It would never have done to let such a scamp drive away the ambassador of God, would it? I should have been ashamed of myself, and my Master would have been ashamed of His servant. Let those of us who believe in God remember that He is the Almighty, and that He is able to succor those who put their trust in Him. — Never let us forget what I proved to be true that day: 'Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.'

Holy boldness is one of the first essentials for the would-be evangelist or missionay, whether at home or abroad.

LITTLE FOLKS

For the Master's Use.

A PARABLE.

The writing-desk lay open. Its owner had been called away in the act of beginning an important letter. On it were laid a sheet of note-paper and an envelope, beside it stood the ink-bottle, and close by lay a pen, the blotting-paper, and the pen-wiper.

The silence of the room was broken by the Note-paper speaking to his companions.

'You needn't look so consequential,' it said, scornfully; 'it is on me the letter will be written.'

'Yes,' said the Pen, 'but you forget it is I who write it.'

'And you forget,' said the Ink, 'that you couldn't write without me.'

'You needn't boast,' said the Ink-bottle, 'for where would you be but for me?'

'It is ridiculous of you all to be so conceited,' interposed the Blotting-paper; 'only for me what a mess you'd be in.'

'And may I ask,' said the Envelope, 'what use would any of you be if I did not take the letter safely where it is to go?'

'But it is I who write the directions on you,' snapped the Pen.'

'Dear sirs, please stop quarrelling,' gently said the little Pen-wiper, who had not spoken yet.

'What have you to say?' asked the Pen, contemptuously. 'You are nothing but a door-mat;' and he laughed at his own wit.

'Even if I am only a door-mat,' said the Pen-wiper, humbly, 'only for me you would be so rough with dried ink you couldn't be used. And that is all any of us are good for—just to be used. We might all stay here for the rest of our lives, and not all of us put together could write that letter. Only the hand of our Master can do that.'

'I believe he's right,' said the Envelope and Note-paper together.

'Yes,' said the Ink. 'It was foolish of us to forget that we can do nothing unless we are used.'

'True enough,' murmured the Ink-bottle, 'for what use would I be if you were not in me.'

'Yes, to be sure,' said the Blotting-paper, 'we ought to have thought of that.'

'Inddeed, yes; and I'm sure I beg your pardon, Mr. Pen-wiper, for calling you a door-mat,' said the Pen, in a humble voice.

'Please don't mention it,' said the little Pen-wiper, 'but I do think we would all be happier if we would just do the best we can without being jealous.'

As he spoke, their owner re-entered the room, and silence fell. The Pen was taken up, dipped in the Ink, and passed to and fro on the Note-paper; the Blotting-paper pressed on it; the letter placed in the Envelope; the address written; the Pen wiped on the Pen-wiper.

'We have each done our part,' murmured the Ink.'

'Yes,' said the Pen, 'and without our Master we could have done nothing at all.'—'The British Messenger.'

Susie and Bobby and Mary and Rosie and Jack were all hard at work. Their teacher had given them each a sum to do. Each sum was different from the others, but when they were all done, all the answers were alike. And yet, if you add them up, I think you will see that they were right.—'Our Little Dots.'

An Artist Without Hands.

'Success' tells of a remarkable young woman, Miss Fannie Tunison, Sag Harbor, Long Island. She is paralyzed in her arms, and has only her lips and tongue to work with, and yet she can paint, and write and sew. The writer says:

'The most wonderful feature of her skill is yet to be told. She can sew, embroider, and work pretty patterns in silk, all with her tongue. Upon a shelf or wooden table fastened to her chair, she receives a canvas or linen tidy. Sometimes it is stamped, but if not, she will stitch the design which she wants for herself. In commencing this work, Miss Tunison threads her needle, taking it up with her tongue and fastening it upright in the cloth. The thread is taken up in the same manner, and the end deftly inserted in the eye of the needle, which, at the time, is not visible to her eye, owing to the position of her face. Then, with a pair of silver scissors manipulated in the same way, she cuts off the thread to the required length. When she wishes to tie a knot in the thread or silk, the ends are taken into her mouth for an inch or more, her lips are closed, and, with a few extraordinary tongue-touches, a perfect knot is tied. In embroidery and doily-making she makes use of a small block of wood as a sort of mouth piece, while, as a matter of course, the cloth or ribbon has to be stretched for her to ply a position as will enable her to ply her needle. Among

her fancy work are stamp holders, crayon blotters, ribbon book-marks and booklets. She has also several crazy quilts which she has pieced after her own patterns, the blocks being about ten inches square. Another favorite diversion is playing on the metalophone. The instrument is placed on her table, and, she strikes the keys, producing many of the popular airs of the day.'

Helping Grandma.

There is nothing more beautiful in this world than to observe the tenderness of some girls toward their aged relatives. Dear grandmother cannot thread her needles as easily as she used to do, and is sensitive on the subject, and does not like to be too obviously helped —to have attention called to her failing eyesight, which she so much regrets, and does not like to admit. There are two ways of meeting the difficulty. Mattie, a kind-hearted girl, without much tact, will exclaim, 'O grandma! what perfect nonsense for you to fuss over that needle! You know you cannot find the hole where the thread should go in—your eyes are too old. Give me the thing; I'll thread your needles.' The intention is most excellent, but the old lady is hurt, and stifles a sigh. She had young eyes once, and she has the same independent spirit still. Edith, in the same circumstances, manages in another fashion. She simply threads a dozen needles, and leaves them all ready for grandmamma in her needle-book, saying pleasantly, 'It saves so much time, grandma dear, these busy days, to have one's needles all ready and waiting.'—'Harper's Round Table.'

Little Kenneth's Prayer.

When the steamship 'Paris' ran on the rocks near Falmouth, with a shock that drove strong men frantic with fear, a little seven-year-old boy met the disaster in a way that beautifully demonstrates the value of Christian faith and pious training. His mother says:

'I was awakened by the fearful shock as we rushed on the rocks, and got up at once feeling that some awful calamity had come upon us. Then my little boy, Kenneth, turned to me—for I had wakened my two eldest children at once. "Are we drowning, mother," he asked. "I don't know, dear," I said. "Oh, mother," he said, "something has happened. I must pray," and then and there the dear little soul got down on his knees, and amid the tumult and excitement, the hurrying of people past our room, and the shouting and crying, he said the Lord's Prayer as he had been taught to say it almost from the day he could talk. Then one of the stewards came to my room and told me to take the children and come up on deck at once. That was an awful moment for me. I had three children, and I didn't know which to take first. Just then I looked out of my door and saw that the stairs were blocked and that people everywhere were standing about with life-preservers on. That decided me. I thought there could be no hope for me in such a crowd at such a time with my three children, and so, rather than desert any one of them, I sat down in my cabin and waited—simply waited. Finally, the steward came down to me again and told me there was hope that we would all be saved, and for me to come on deck now. The stairway by this time was cleared, and I was able to get all my children up.'—'Christian Herald.'

Little Dirty Face.

We have a little maid at home;
  She says, 'My name is Dwace.'
To pa and ma she's better known
  As 'Little Dirty Face.'

You scrub and dress that child at
    ten—
  White muslin trimmed with
    lace—
In fifteen minutes, often less,
  She's Little Dirty Face.

But smiles oft break that crust of
    dirt,
  And smiles the dimples chase;
And tender eyes light up with love,
  That Little Dirty Face.

'Tis naught but superficial dirt,
  Which scrubbing will erase,
And mă and pa are rather proud
  Of Little Dirty Face.

On tot's small phiz the trouble is
  To find a kissing place.
But stay,—see a rosebud mouth
  On Little Dirty Face.

Then come and give that sweet
    'bear hug,'
  Thou little toddling Grace;
Thy soul's as pure as angel's robes
  My Little Dirty Face.

—'Boston Transcript.'

Queer Chinese Etiquette.

When a Chinaman takes his little boy to school to introduce him to his teacher, it is done as follows, according to a missionary writer:

When the Chinaman arrives at the school he is escorted to the reception room, and both he and the teacher shake their own hands and bow profoundly. Then the teacher asks: 'What is your honorable name?'

'My mean, insignificant name is Wong.'

Tea and a pipe are sent for, and the teacher says: 'Please use tea.'

The Chinaman sips and puffs for a quarter of an hour before he says to the teacher: 'What is your honorable name?'

'My mean, insignificant name is Pott.'

'How many little stems have you sprouted?' This means: 'How old are you?'

'I have vainly spent thirty years.'

'Is the honorable and great man of the household living?' He is asking after the teacher's father.

'The old man is well.'

'How many precious little ones have you?'

'I have two little dogs.' These are the teacher's own children.

'How many children have you in your illustrious institution?'

'I have a hundred little brothers.'

Then the Chinaman comes to business.

'Venerable master,' he says, 'I have brought my little dog here, and worshipfully intrust him to your charge.'

The little fellow, who had been standing in the corner of the room, comes forward at this, kneels before the teacher, puts his hands on the floor and knocks his head against it. The teacher raises him up and sends him off to school, while arrangements are being made for his sleeping room and so forth. At last the Chinese gentleman rises to take his leave, saying: 'I have tormented you exceedingly to-day,' to which the teacher responds: 'Oh, no; I have dishonored you.' As he goes towards the door he keeps saying: 'I am gone; I am gone.' And etiquette requires the teacher to repeat, as long as he is in hearing: 'Go slowly, go slowly.'—'Juvenile Missionary Herald.'

LESSON VI.—FEBRUARY 11.

Jesus and Nicodemus.

John iii., 1-18. Memory verses 14-17. Read John 11.

Golden Text.

'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'—John iii., 16.

Daily Readings.

M. First Miracle. Jn. 2: 1-11.
T. First Cleansing. Jn. 2: 13-22.
W. First Discourse. Jn. 3: 1-21.
T. Love of God. 1 Jn. 4: 7-14.
F. The Serpent. Nu. 21: 4-9.
S. The Saviour. 2 Cor. 5: 12-21.

Lesson Text.

There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews: (2.) The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him. (3.) Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. (4.) Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born? (5.) Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. (6.) That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. (7.) Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again. (8.) The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit. (9.) Nicodemus answered and said unto him, How can these things be? (10.) Jesus answered and said unto him, Art thou a master of Israel, and knowest not these things? (11.) Verily, verily, I say unto thee, We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen; and ye receive not our witness. (12.) If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe, if I tell you heavenly things? (13.) And no man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven even the Son of Man, which is in heaven. (14.) And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up; (15.) That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life. (16.) For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life. (17.) For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved. (18.) He that believeth on him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

Suggestions.

Nicodemus is mentioned only in the gospel of John and the three glimpses given of him (John iii., 1-9; vii., 50; xix., 39.) show a character of natural caution and honest conservatism. Tradition says that he did not openly own himself a disciple of Christ until after the Resurrection, but that then he received baptism at the hands of Peter and John. He was a man of important position, probably a member of the Sanhedrin and a teacher of the law.

This man came to inquire of Jesus about the new doctrines which he was teaching. He recognized Jesus as having power from God to perform miracles, and realized that his teaching was not such as would emanate naturally from a human mind. Not that he recognised Jesus as literally having come from God, for then he must needs have at once accepted him as the Messiah, but he regarded him rather as a prophet with a message from God. Our Lord read the heart of this man, and answered the unspoken questionings of his inmost soul. Nicodemus had probably been reasoning with himself that it was little use coming to this new teacher, for he was himself well instructed in the Law which he so zealously taught to others, his life was exemplary, he had always kept the law, he had been born into a family of good people, of course he was good. But down deep underneath all this self-gratulation there was an indefinable longing for something which he did not understand. He had been born and brought up in righteousness, what could he yet lack?

'Except a man be born again, (or from above) he can not see the kingdom of God.' With this emphatic assurance Jesus answered the heart questionings of the ruler. How can a man be born again, asked Nicodemus. He belonged to the most religious people that he knew about, and the new birth was a difficult question to him even if he understood that it was a change in heart and mind, not of his body. He knew that physically he could not become a little child again, and it seemed to him just as impossible that such a change could take place in his spiritual make up. Perhaps Nicodemus had in his own mind been combating the preaching of John which declared that every man must repent and be baptized in preparation for the kingdom of heaven. Again Jesus answered the unspoken question with the double assurance, 'Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he can not enter into the kingdom of God.' The outward sign of baptism is but a symbol of the inward grace of regeneration. Baptism has of itself no efficacy, a man may be baptised a dozen times and still remain selfish and hard hearted toward God. The new birth requires an absolute yielding of oneself to Christ, that he may cleanse and put within us a new heart wherein he shall reign and rule our lives.

Long and arduous culture will not produce a rose from a stone, you must start with a seed or a slip from a rose bush. You can not take a flower or a bird and train it into being a man, neither will training and culture suffice to make a man a Son of God. You may be very fond of the pretty little bird that sings in your window, but it is not one of your children. and never can be. So you may be handsome, talented, and a general favorite, but if you are not born again, you are no more a child of God than that little bird is a child of your father. Will you not just now ask God to make you his own child, for the sake of his Son who died that you might have this unspeakable privilege? Ye must be born anew. The story of the serpent in the wilderness (Num. xxi., 6-9.) should be studied in this connection. Those who would not look at the uplifted serpent of brass, died of their wounds in spite of the free provision for salvation.

God so loved the world that he planned its salvation from the very beginning. If man could have been ransomed by silver and gold it would have been easily accomplished. If the destruction of the world could have atoned for man's sin, God could easily have made them into one immense burnt offering. If there had been any other possible way of saving men, God would not have taken upon himself the awful grief of allowing his Son, his only Son, to suffer. If you could have been cleansed and made ready to spend Eternity with God, by any other process, the Son of God would never have left his throne of glory and come down to this world to be mocked and crucified. There was no other way. God is not a man, to be judged by our small ideas of right and wrong. Most men have a sort of idea that they could arrange things better than God does if they only had the chance. They would welcome every one of decent character into heaven—they would not be so unjust as to condemn a man simply for selfishness and disobedience to God, if he had appeared all right before men! Such people do not put these thoughts very definitely into words or they might see the absurdity of supposing their judgment to be better than that of the One who gave them their reasoning faculties. Heaven would not be heaven if there were one person there who opposed the will of God. And until a man is born again he does oppose the will of God with all his might. (Rom. viii., 5-7.)

Whosoever accepts Jesus as his Saviour and the will of God as his guide, receives the gift of eternal life and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit. He shall never perish, death has now no terrors for him, it is but the threshold to heaven. The Son of God came to earth for the purpose of redeeming souls, not for the purpose of judging them. His redeeming work is done, but the day is coming (we can not tell how near it is) when all the nations of those who have rejected or forgotten him shall be gathered before him to be judged.

C. E. Topic.

Feb. 11. Seek first the kingdom of God. Matt. 13: 44-46. (Union meeting with the Juniors.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

Mon., Feb. 5.—To be sought first. Luke 12: 61.

Tues., Feb. 6.—Not far from the Kingdom. Mark 12: 32-34.

Wed., Feb. 7.—Entering into the Kingdom. John 3: 3.

Th., Feb. 8.—Children and the Kingdom. Mark 10: 14.

Fri., Feb. 9.—Obedience and the Kingdom. Matt. 5: 19.

Sat., Feb. 10.—Greatness in the Kingdom. Matt. 18: 4.

Sun., Feb. 11.—Topic—Seek first the kingdom of God. Matt. 13: 44-46. (A union meeting with the older society.)

Alcohol Catechism.

(By R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER III.—DISTILLED LIQUORS.

1. Q.—From what are distilled liquors made?

A.—From fermented liquors; wine, cider, or beer.

2. Q.—What is the first process?

A.—A fermented liquor is boiled until it nearly passes off in steam.

3. Q.—What is done next?

A.—This steam or vapor is caught and cooled and this makes a distilled drink which contains a great deal of alcohol.

4. Q.—Why does a distilled drink have so much more alcohol than a fermented one?

A.—A fermented liquor contains a little alcohol mixed with a much larger quantity of water. When this liquor is boiled, the alcohol comes off in the steam first, because it does not need so much heat to boil it as water does, and when alcohol stops coming in the steam, the distiller ceases collecting.

5. Q.—What are the chief distilled drinks containing alcohol?

A.—Brandy, whiskey, rum, and gin.

6. Q.—In Bible times when Christ was upon earth, were distilled liquors made?

A.—No, they were not known.

7. Q.—When were distilled liquors first made?

A.—About 1100 years after Christ, or nearly 800 years ago.

8. Q.—How many stages are there in the history of alcohol?

A.—Four stages.

9. Q.—Can you name them?

A.—First, fermentation or the production of wine; second, distillation, or the production of clear alcohol; third, applying alcohol to the arts and science; and fourth, producing brandy, whiskey, rum, and gin by distillation, as a poisonous beverage to man.

A Tight Rule.

'Never! oh, never!' cried poor Mrs. Daly. 'Oh, don't say any more, Mrs. Jones! Think what it means! Oh the disgrace of it, and the ruin it will be to the children!'

'Well, my husband came in full of it. He said that the chief members met him reeling out of the Pheasant, and they are bound to report him, you know. Why, it is only abstainers who can belong to the club, so, of course, he has to be turned out.'

'He has kept straight till now. For

five years he has touched nothing, and lie! to think of his breaking out now!' And poor Mrs. Daly laid her head in her hands and sobbed.

'Yes, and to think he would have had no consideration for you and those poor children!' said the Job's comforter. 'Get a little more spirit into you before he returns, and show him how wicked he has been—the reprobate!' cried Mrs. Jones, slamming the door after her.

But Mrs. Daly did not heed her words.

'It has been my doing,' she said sadly. 'I thought he was safe, and I left off praying, and I never asked that he might be kept steadfast, and I also never thanked Almighty God enough for these five years quiet.'

And her tears fell on a deep bruise on her poor hand, which her husband had given her five years ago, just before he took the pledge and joined the village club.

Quite late that night, when the children were all put to bed, Daly slunk in; he came through the back-kitchen, looking very shamefaced and was not quite sober, but he was sober enough to know what he had done.

'It was the lads, Mary, the lads; they laughed—' and then he began a feeble laugh, and fell into the big chair near the kitchen fire.

'Yes,' said his wife sadly.

'But no one saw. I just drank the Captain's health in a thimbleful, a mere shingleful—' and he dropped his head as if he were going to sleep.

'Someone saw,' said his wife gently. 'Almighty God and the angels saw.'

'But it'll be overlooked, a mere shingle—' and his head dropped further.

'Mr. Jones and the club met you, but you would not speak to them,' his wife said, still in the same gentle way.

But this time her low voice roused him like a bugle's call; his face turned white with a terror, his voice shook.

'Mr. Jones!' he repeated, "Mr. Jones! Oh, no, no! It's a story, a fabrication, it's a—"

'It is a truth,' said his wife, "and you know well enough what that means." And she sat down and sobbed, as she realized the disgrace of his being turned out of the village club. It was a club in which temperance was one of its chief rules; and any member of it being seen drunk was to be expelled. Daly had been secretary to it for four years, and had been a most perfect example of sobriety till to-day, when he had been tempted to take this thimbleful, and the sad craving for drink came over him.

The next day the club committee formally expelled Daly from his post. Four years afterwards the secretary and the committee of the club all went in a body to Daly's cottage to ask him to rejoin. 'For,' said they, 'we know no man so careful, so humble about himself, and yet so firm as John Daly.'

For a minute Daly could not answer them, and then he said: 'I could not join you, my friends, for it was the saddest but the best day in my life when you gave me the shunt. It's the memory of it has kept me straight, and the grief it gave me will, please God, keep me always what I have never tired, a total abstainer. And I can bless God now for the tight rule which turned me out, and showed me what I had done.'—'The Adviser.'

Chicago Children.

Dr. Leslie E. Keeley says: 'It is more difficult to cure a confirmed cigarette smoker than a confirmed drunkard.' The growth of the habit has been so great among school boys the past five years that the age when the habit is acquired has been lowered until now statistics show it to be from five to ten years. A Chicago principal recently asked a child puffing a cigarette how old he was, and received the reply, 'I'm almost six.' Chicago has just passed an ordinance requiring all dealers in cigarettes to take out a one hundred dollar license and prohibiting the sale within two hundred feet of school-houses, as a result of local agitation. It is reported that in the McCosh school alone, nine hundred pupils smoked. We are glad to report that through the influence of the principal, Mrs. Mary Darrow Olson, and the teachers, all but thirteen have taken the anti-cigarette pledge.

Correspondence

Ada, Michigan.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger' and like it very much. I live on a fruit farm, about fifteen miles from Grand Rapids. I have two brothers, one is seventeen and the other is nine. There is a great deal of fruit raised in this part of the country, but there is not much this year, because the winter was so cold it killed most of the trees and all of the fruit. We have an organ and I take music lessons.

JENNIE H. (aged 13.)

Sterling, Kansas.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading the letters in the 'Messenger' and I like them very much. We take the 'Witness' and 'Messenger.' Uncle George sends it to us. I go to school every day and to Sunday-school and Junior League. Sterling is a pretty town on the Arkansas river. We have a nice college, 'Cooper Memorial,' a high school, two other schools, and ten churches. I wonder if any one else has a birthday the same as mine. I was ten years old on the fourth of August. 1899.

ERNIE C.

Elgin, Albert Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger.' I go to school and am in the fourth book. I like to read the stories in the 'Messenger.'

IMOGENE M. J. (aged 10.)

(Many thanks to Imogene for the pretty pressed ferns enclosed in her letter. Ed.)

Taylor, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to school and I am in the second reader. My teacher's name is Miss Anderson. I like her very much. I live a mile from the school-house. I go to Sunday-school. I have one little sister Maudie, two years old. I am going to my grandmother's to spend Christmas and meet my cousin there.

LOTTIE M. S. (aged 7.)

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school and like it very much. Our pastor's name is Mr. Bennett. I have one sister and three brothers. My father keeps a store.

LIZZIE B.

Bridgeburg, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have four brothers, one of them is a baby a year old. I have three sisters and papa calls me his baby girl. I do not like it very much to be called baby, but I know papa likes me. He is an engineer. He is sometimes out at night. I would not like it very much, but I hope the Lord will guide him through, and bring my papa back to me safely.

EDITH F. (aged 10.)

Fergus, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I was eleven years old in September. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was here one week. There was quite a procession to meet him, headed by the band. The school got a half-holiday to hear him speak.

HARRY S. A.

Gay's River Road.

Dear Editor,—I take great interest in reading the letters in the 'Northern Messenger,' and would be sorry to do without it now. I go to school and I have two brothers to go with me. One is my own age and the other younger. My teacher's name is Miss McDonald.

JANET A. E. (aged 12.)

Ayr, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My sister wrote one once describing a temperance lecture. My teacher's name is Miss M. Cameron. We have a sewing class at school every Friday afternoon. We sew for the orphanage at Berlin and the Shelter for girls at Toronto.

M. M. J. (aged 11.)

Grenville.

Dear Editor,—My father is a blacksmith and carpenter. I get the 'Messenger' in Sunday-school. I go to day school. Our teacher's name is Miss E. Sprat. One of our men went to South Africa to the war. I have a brother and sister.

HERBERT L. M.

Galt, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I read the 'Messenger' and enjoy it very much. I wish to tell you that I go to the United Presbyterian Church. Our minister's name is Dr. King. I attend the Sabbath-school. My teacher's name is Mrs. McKenzie. She is a very nice lady. I have three brothers and one sister and we all go to Sabbath-School.

H. A. McCaig.
M. C. K.

Falkirk, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Mamma has read the 'Messenger' for years before I was born. It comes to our Sunday-school. I like the Correspondence and Little Folks' page the best. Papa has a saw-mill, a farm and about twenty-five hives of bees.

Bessie M. W. (aged 11.)

Williamsford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a little brother called Rae. We lived in Stratford before we moved here. I go to Sunday-school and get the 'Messenger.' I like it very much. My father is a doctor. I have a nice bicycle. There is a river here called the Sauble, and two mills. I made two pies and a pudding Saturday. I am making a patch cushion.

MAYSIE Y.

London.

Dear Editor,—We have been taking the 'Messenger' for six or seven years. I like reading the Correspondence and the Little Folks' page. I saw a girl's birthday on the same day as mine, October 29.

JEANETTE P. (aged 12.)

Greeley, Colo, U.S.A.

Dear Editor,—Mrs. Reed, in Denver, subscribed for the 'Messenger' for us as a present when we came to Greeley. When our time was up mamma subscribed for it. I have one sister. I have a cute little calf. I named it Kitty, its mother's name is Puss. She is a very gentle old thing. We can ride cow back. I can play on the organ, and I am learning to play the guitar.

CLARA R.

Owen Sound, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is a large busy town. There are two very large elevators in this town. My grandpa sends the 'Messenger' to me every week. He lives in Lanark County. We have a dog called Beauty and a cat called Puss.

PHOEBE I. (aged 9.)

Burwell Road P.O.

Dear Editor,—I have a pet kitten and she seems to know me when I am around. I have four sisters and one baby brother.

ALMA A. F. (aged 11.)

St. Eustache, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for three years. My grandma gave it to me as a New Year's present. When I was too small to read, my mamma read it to me. I have only one little sister. Her name is Bertha. She is four years old

ETHEL K. C. C. (aged 7.)

Memel, A. Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—Pa has two horses, one is called Ned, and the other Major. We have seven cows and four calves. We have a dog called Fle. She always goes to help get the cows.

CLYDE E. N. (aged 7.)

Saintfield, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in the township of Reach. My father is a farmer. I go to Sunday-school, and I get the 'Messenger.' I like reading the letters very much. I have a dog named Collie and a cat called Bob. Have any of the boys and girls the same birthday as mine, 23rd of March?

Ray (aged 9.)

Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the Correspondence in the 'Messenger' and wish some little girl would write to me. My birthday is March 10th, and I am nine years old. I have two brothers, but I haven't a sister. I wish I had. One brother is older than I, and the other is a dear, cunning baby two years old. His name is Harold. In the summer vacation we went to N.S., to see my grandma and grandpa, and we had a lovely time. I have a lot of cousins in N.S. I go to the Baptist Sunday-school. My father is pastor of the church.

HARRIET MAUD R.

HOUSEHOLD.

Recipes for Rye Puddings.

(Sarah E. Wilcox.)

Batter Pudding—Beat together one heaping tablespoonful of butter and half a teacup of brown sugar, add three beaten eggs, a scant half-cup of sweet milk, half a pint of molasses, with a half-teaspoonful of soda stirred in, two teacups rye flour, half-teaspoon each of cinnamon and cloves. Steam an hour and serve with:

Jelly Sauce—To a pint of boiling water add one teacup,sugar, half-teaspoonful salt,one tablespoon corn starch mixed with a little cold water. Boil a minute, stirring constantly. Add two teaspoons sour jelly (grape or currant), one tablespoon butter, and boil two minutes, meantime stirring well.

Plain Rye Pudding—Break rye bread into small pieces, pour over boiling water to soften and let stand until cool, then press and mash. To every quart add half-teaspoon salt. two-thirds teacup sugar, and one teacup seeded raisins. Mix well and bake in a well-buttered baking-dish, about an hour and a half. To be eaten with:

Maple Sugar Sauce: Melt half-pint maple sugar in a small teacup of water, add three tablespoons butter mixed with a level teaspoon of flour, boil a few minutes and season with nutmeg.

Monday Pudding—Cut the crust from rye bread (if hard), slice, fold in a napkin and steam well through and serve with maple sugar sauce.

Layer Pudding—Put slices of steamed bread in a dish in layers, cover with a very sweet custard and steam half an hour. Serve with any favorite sauce.—'New England Homestead.'

Our Book Corner.

REV. EGERTON YOUNG AMONG THE INDIANS.

Now I want to paint a picture, to take you with me to a band that has never seen a missionary, never seen a Bible, never heard the Saviour's name, and I want to show you how we teach them to read on a first visit, which lasts only a few weeks. We have no school house, no school books, no pencils or paper. We have only a few Bibles, which that magnificent society (the British Bible Society) now sends out to us. After I have preached to them for some days, and gained the goodwill of most of them (the old conjurers hate me because they know that my success means the end of their terrible rule over the people) I say, 'Would you not like to learn to read this book?' 'Yes.' I can not go and get a sheet of paper, slate and pencil, and begin teaching them, but here are great granite rocks near by, and I take a burned stick from my camp fire, and with that burned stick I make the characters, A, E, OO, AH, MA, ME, MOO, MAH, etc. Then I say to the people, 'Now say as I do,' and just as a primary teacher gives a lesson to little children in A, B, C, so I begin, A, E, OO, AH, MA, ME, MOO, MAH. By and by a fellow gets out his flint and steel, lights his pipe, and repeats A, E, OO, AH; but I can't say anything against the pipe, for one dare not be cross with them. We go over it again and again; I point to the letters in turn and say, 'What is this?' They are unknown sounds to them, but I write down a character and ask, 'What is that?' They look at it and shout, 'MA.' I put down another and ask, 'What is that?' 'ME.' I write a third: 'What is that?' 'TOO.' I have written the word in Indian—Ma-ni-too—three characters, but I have not combined them yet, and they don't know what they will form in combination. I say, 'What is the first?' 'MA' 'The second?' 'Ne.' 'The third?' 'TOO.' Then they combine them—Manitoo. Why!—they drop their pipes and put up their hands, and open their eyes in wonder. It is worth starvation and suffering, it is worth any amount of hardship, to see the ray of intelligence darting into the eyes of hundreds of these Indians, as for the first time, God, the name of God, becomes visible to their eyes there on the rock, made with a burned stick from the camp fire. Manitoo—God. They have heard him in the thunder, in the blizzard, and in the storms. But to them here is a new revelation. There is Manitoo on the rock, and they can hardly believe their eyes. Then, when the excitement is ovr I write: Manitoo Sa-kee-e-wawina, God is love, and that is a revelation. So I go on, and on, no more smoking pipes. Most intense interest is excited, and we talk and talk until my mouth is dry and my strength is exhausted, and then we go off and sit around our camp fires and have something to eat, and come back again. In less than three weeks some of those Indians can read the Word of God in their own language.—From 'The Miracles of Missions' (Third Series.) By Dr. Pierson. Published by Funk and Wagnals, New York.

'THE WAR SITUATION.'

These are eventful history making days. A daily is therefore a necessity with most people. And most people take one or other of the great city dailies; some take two dailies. The 'Witness' is selected by many because they believe they find in it 'the facts of the case.' Certain it is that the sensational press in manufacturing news to keep up the interest, or in coloring highly uninteresting news, do more to create false impressions than true ones. Surely, truth is more interesting than fiction when the life and death of our brothers and of nations are in the balance. The daily article on 'The War Situation' which appears in the 'Witness' will be found the best consecutive daily history of the war that is published. The 'Witness' has been much complimented on this feature. Its Special War Correspondence from each of the Contingents will keep Canadians at home well informed. The regular subscription price is $3.00.

ONLY $1.00.—Any 'Messenger' Reader who has not yet taken the 'Witness' may have the 'Daily Witness' on trial for 6 months for $1.00.

An Omission.

The article on the Indian Famine which appeared on our front page last week, was condensed from the 'Christian Herald,' and should have been so credited.

Renew in Time.

Subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger' to avoid the loss of a single number should have the renewal subscription mailed in good time.

Will not each reader of the 'Messenger' send us one new subscription this season?

Why should not each reader of the 'Messenger' send us one or more new subscriptions before another week goes by. If that only did happen we could afford to greatly improve the paper in many ways.

If the 'Messenger' is not taken in your Sunday School, will you not show this copy to your pastor, and say that the rate of subscription to Sunday School Clubs is only 20 cents per annum; and then tell him how much you and your family enjoy the 'Messenger's' weekly visits.

If you have mislaid the Premium List, and would like another, it will be sent you promptly upon receipt of your request.

Tell your friends that if they subscribe to the 'Messenger' at once, back copies containing the first chapters of 'Black Rock' will be sent them free of charge. To purchase 'Black Rock' in book form costs one dollar. By subscribing for the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents per annum, it can be read in the 'Messenger.' Tell your friends about it, and get them to subscribe.

From Workers.

Dunbar, Jan. 22, 1900.

Dear Sir,—I received half a dozen Joan Tea Spoons, as a premium for 'Northern Messenger' subscriber, and am well pleased with them, and thank you for the same.

I remain, yours respectfully,
MRS. E. B. HENDERSON.

Navan, Jan. 20, 1900.

Dear Sir,—I received your beautiful Bibles, as a premium for getting six new subscribers for the 'Northern Messenger.' I am very well pleased and feel very thankful to you for such pay for my trouble. I don't know how you can give such books and such a nice paper for the money. I did not renew promptly consequently the paper stopped. We felt very lonesome for it till I got it again I'm very much in love with 'Black Rock.' Wishing you a Happy New Year,

I remain, yours faithfully,
MABEL HAMILTON.

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